THE

Dreadful Voice

OF

FIRE,

Begun at Edinburgh, *the 3d of* February 1700.

Quis, talia fando,
Temperet a Lachrymis?

THE Elements, *Earth, Water, Air,* and *Fire*,
Make happy Men: sometime they conspire
Apart, or in Society, to fit
The vanish't honour of Man, frail and vain.
Jamaica lately was a dreadful Scheme,
And sad Example, of this threatning Theam;
Earth opened it's mouth, 'gainst people bad,
(Because to Heav'n, no mouths these people had)
And, weary of it's Burden, did enclose
Them in it's hollow womb; There to disclose
The real darkness, which their Sins did love,
And En'mity against the Powers above;
For which just Heav'n sent them a packing thence,
Like *Corah*, *Dathan*, for their sad Offence
The World was drowned last by *Waters* large
Deludge; Which did it's Vials soon discharge,
Upon the Earth, scorch'd by the heat of Lust,
Which them condemn'd, not to be burnt to dust,
But from a Sea of Lust, streight to be sent
By Water, to the Pit of Punishment.
This night, the El'ments did, in Strife, contend
For Umpirage, and which should most commend
Their active Vigour, to the double Senses,
Of Knowing Men; when *Fire* (alas) Commences
A Tragick Act; which, in short to rehearse
Shall be the Scope, of this ensueing Verse.
In *Rob'sons* Land, 'bout Ten a Cloak at Night,
Happ'ned a Fire, soon shewing clear and bright;
And, in a Trice, from *North-East*, did o'respread,
The Fabrick whole, well covered with Lead;
And as if pincht in narrow bounds it went,
Streight for St *Geils*; but soon it did Repent,
And stayed at the *Statue*, thence did flee
North ward to th' *Croce*, to serve it's Luxury.
How did it Triumph 'ore the sturdy Oak?
And did obscure fair *Cynthia*, by it's smook?
Dislodging soon the Loving Man and Wife,
The Family and Children, without strife;
From *Babel's Tow'r* them sending to the deep
Of saedest Plight, yea some amidst their sleep.
Vulcan was now inexorable grow'n;
Nor Piety nor Riches, would he ounce:
Best Gifts of Heav'n and earth he did disdain,
Threatning with blood, his Fury to maintain;
And, deaf as *Adria*, did neglect the Cryes,
Of rich and poor, all in deep Miseryes;
Yea did invade the day of *Holy Rest*,
And so the Foun, with hideous flames, molest,
He raged so, so domineered he,
As, but himself, no other God could be.
At last, by Holy Pray'rs, he was apeas'd,
And then his force and cruel fury ceas'd.
Hence learn ye Mortals, what great madness be,
To build up houses, thrice five stories high,
Or to put Trust, in any earthly Thing;
Save in Great G O D, of Heav'n and Earth the King;
But trust in him alone, who can defend
You, from sad accidents, and dreadfull End;
And now repent, and to the Lord now turn,
Least he should you, in Flames eternal, burn.

F I N I S.